

## **A little teenage crush after too long by HoshisamaValmor**

**Category:** Stranger Things, 2016

**Genre:** Romance

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy H., Karen W.

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2019-09-08 06:09:06

**Updated:** 2019-09-08 06:09:06

**Packaged:** 2019-12-12 17:30:05

**Rating:** T

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,095

**Publisher:** [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

**Summary:** Married mother of three, having a crush on an eighteen year old. It wasn't really right to, but... Oh, but.

## A little teenage crush after too long

Author's Note: I have to thank *"She can't, she won't, she doesn't"* by Theo and *"(Life's the same) it's all inside you"* by ClementineStarling on ao3, two very different but equally extremely well written pieces that made me consider writing a fic of my own through Karen's perspective, something I otherwise wouldn't likely do. I cannot write like them, but I wanted to try regardless. This took a stupid amount of time to be written.

Disclaimer: Don't own Stranger Things.

.

---

It wasn't really right to, but...

Oh, *but*.

Karen still blushed like a teenager at the thoughts, no matter how many times she caught her mind wandering back to Billy - the number of times themselves being enough reason to make her blush harder rather than less. Granted, those mental wanderings were more often than not caused by her novels (after all, her imagination now had a very real role-model for the male protagonists, regardless of how they were physically described as. Or did all those authors just really share the same good taste?), but still, it was... inappropriate... to begin with.

The blushing was therefore followed by resigned sighing. A repetitive pattern, but a pattern she could not even pretend not to be real.

During the school period, Karen felt more than a pang of anxiety on the few times Mike's new friend, Max, would come over, thinking that maybe her brother could come pick her up. She even asked the girl directly, physically resisting the heat on her cheeks from being too clear in front of the children. It only happened twice, but Karen checked herself in the mirror before opening the door to find the

same image as that first night: a tall and handsome young man, those golden locks and nicely fit clothes, who smiled at seeing her and exchanged a handful of polite words as both of them waited for the children to come. Karen was an expert mother, and so she could see those microseconds of sibling irkness in Billy's eyes when he'd look at Max, even if he was good at hiding them - she raised Nancy and Mike, after all (*God, he's Nancy's age...*) - and she could also see how his gaze wondered over her face, softly, gently, away from her eyes and then back, how it made him smile and in turn made her smile and blush.

It was hard not to think back on that look when she'd be met with such a different one coming from her husband. Utter disinterest compared to curiosity, to desire, to... Her sigh wouldn't be resigned then, but rather frustrated, and then she would pick her novels and let her imagination paint reality over fiction. Or maybe the other way around. That, too, had become a pattern. Self chastising and sighing can only do so much when life becomes just too idle and frustrating. So thinking of Billy became a little, harmless distraction.

And by the time Summer arrives, he becomes a bigger, possibly not so harmless distraction. Because *of course* he'd be working at the pool. Where else would someone like him work? She knows he's from California; where would he find anything remotely close to the sea in Hawkins?

Having a crush at her age was childish, yes, but an harmless ordeal. No one knew, and no one did anything. Okay, maybe flirt... talk, just talk, a little bit, but that's entirely harmless.

But the worst - *best* - part of the whole thing was that he enjoyed it too.

Of course, Karen should be ashamed for even thinking that - that a boy would be flirting with her rather than just being polite, that that whole thing (*What thing, Karen? For God's sake...*) wasn't just some awkwardly innocent talk. The group of mothers that would join her in the pool sight-seeing all shared the same undeniable crush and Billy would be as polite with them as always, but there was something different with *her*.

Maybe she was just imagining things. But that thought was constantly brushed off the table.

Beyond hopes and wishes, though, let's be honest: why would someone young and attractive like Billy, who surely had a flock of girls his age sighing after him, be even remotely interested in flirting with a married mother of three?

There could be a number of reasons for that. He could enjoy the thrill of the forbidden fruit (yes, she had been reading her novels a bit *too* often lately). He could enjoy the attention, and perhaps the attention of older, more experienced women was not only included, but preferred. He could simply find her attractive, despite her age and marital status, and God knows she liked to feel pretty and appreciated. Specially after so long.

There didn't really seem to be many other reasons, or other reasons Karen was able to consider, and all of those were... they were good enough.

"Good morning, ladies. Always great to see you here."

"Good morning, Billy."

"Hey, Billy,"

"Thank you, Billy."

"Looking good, Billy."

"Thank you, ladies. Looking good yourselves."

"We're starting to get a nice tan, aren't we?"

"Yes you are. Thank God for Summer. We all look more alive with a bit of color, don't we?"

Karen looked down at her plain white bathing suit. Maybe she could get another one.

"You're looking great, Mrs Wheeler."

Karen flustered and moved her gaze back up, catching Billy's smile as he pulled out and started chewing a piece of gum.

"Oh, I- Thank you."

"Well, ladies, I'll be seeing you. Duty calls."

"Of course, Billy."

"Good work, Billy."

They sounded like such a dumb group of teenagers, complete with the sighs after Billy carried on to his post. He was going to be giving lessons later that day, and she was hoping Holly would be among the group. That could always be a reason to be closer to the water and have a valid reason to be looking at...

Karen sighed and sunk slightly on the lounge, ignoring the comments the mothers were exchanging amongst themselves. She moved her eyes towards the lifeguard post and she saw Billy giving an acknowledging nod towards her, which made her shuffle back up straight and smile.

Oh, it was hopeless. It wasn't really right, but...

Oh, but it would be so nice.

.

the end

.

---

.

Author's Note: Thank you for reading, feedback is appreciated.

.